

## Impious "Simon"

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he wakes himself up with a monkey wrench,  
straightens out his spine,  
he does it all the time, everytime.  
no matter how hard he may scrub, he's just rubbing it  
in.  
he washes his hair with a bar of soap, but it doesnt get  
it clean.

its like a smack in the face, or a shot in the arm,  
he doesnt appear to help but he doesnt do any harm.  
he'd rather just sustain in his comfortable routine,  
his comfortable routine and a mad magazine

chorus:

he's got a ball point pen tattoo on the skin streched  
across his bones.  
theres nothing worse than being in a crowded room,  
and feeling all alone  
he's got a ball point pen tattoo on the skin streched  
across his bones.  
theres nothing worse than being in a crowded room,  
and feeling all alone

sits on the curb from dusk till dawn, he's peeling off his  
core,  
ripped up and torn  
its better living through chemistry, its an escape,  
its a vulnerability, and then the twilight comes

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